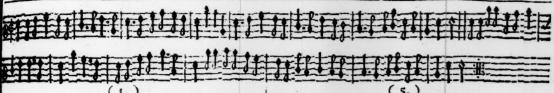
## me LOYAL FEAST 126

Delign'd to be kept in Haberdassers-Hall, on Friday the 21st. of April 1382. By His Man sties most Loyal True Blue Protestant Subjects; and how it was Defeated.

The Whigs from North to South, from West to East, Did all Contribute to a LOTAL FEAST;
To this great work a GUINET was the least.
They clear'd the Stalls of Fish, Flesh, Food and Beast, Where Tony and brave Perkin was a Guest, But what Succeeded this, makes up the Jest.

To the 1 upe of some will never be my Love again.



TON? was small, but of Noble Ruce,
And was beloved of every one;
the Broach'd his Tap, and it ran apace
Tomake a Solemn Treat for all the Town.
Hesent to Teoman, Knight, and I ord,
The Holy Tribe to Entertain
With all the Nation could afford,
But Tony will never be himself again.

(2.)
He sent to the Shambles for all their Store,
And left behind neither I owl nor Feast;
The Spiggos ran swift, and fain wor'd do more
To make the Lords a Nobic Feast;
He sent to Markes, sent to fair,
His Loyal Guests to Entertain,
But of the Banques he had no Share,
And Tony will never be himself again.

Attwo great Halls in LONDON Town,
Defign'd to Meet a Jovial Crew
Of Lords and Knights of High Renown,
And all were Trotestants True Eluc.
They Threw in Chineys fice as Brass,
The Noble Frolick to Minitain,
but on Old Rowley the Sham wou'd not pass,
And Tony will never be himself again.

With Duty to their Lawful Prince,
A Loyal Subject every one;
To Pray for him is the Pretence, (Crown.
And then to Rail and Plot against the from (burch they did intend to th' Hall,
Their Noble Guests to Entertain; at they were Routed, Horse and all,
And Tony will never be himself again.

In favour of the King and Tinke,
The Heir-Apparent of the Throne,
His Highness they Exclude, and took
A Fop-Pretender of their own;
The meek Guide Moses they withstand,
A Golden Calf to Entertain;
But Royal CHARLES he dispers'd the Band,
And Tony will never be himself again.

The Eloody Papifis thall no more
Contrive agint his Life and Reign:
Tho' it was themselves did the Feat before,
And are as ready for to do't again.
Thus they Exclude the Rightful Heir,
The Gaudy Fop to Entertain,
But they were met by the good Lord Mayor,
And Tony will never be himself again.

With thanks and Pray'rs for our good King
They Vow'd to Sacrifice the Day;
But Royal Charles he smoak'd out the thing;
And sent the Rable with a Pox away.
He tent his Summons to the Cit,
Seditious Meetings to Restrain,
The Feast was broke, and the Guests were bessulf.
And Tony will never be himself again.

(8.)

And now the Capons flye about,
With Irigacees of Ambergreece,
And Chickens ready drest they Shout
About the Street, for pence apiece:
The Uhigs did wish the Council choak'd,
Who did this Noble Feast restrain;
All down in the mouth to be thus bawk'd,
Poor Tony will never be himself again.

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